

23 February 1954.

Inchon, Korea

Dearest Mother,

So much has happened that I hardly know where to begin. First of all, "things in general" aboard this ship leave much to be desired as far as the nurses go. Suffice it to say that I am glad we didn't have the same Brass out here with us when we were so busy last year and that I will be only too glad to graduate from this kindergarten Div in. At the rate I've been popping off (for just reasons) - I'm going to be valedictorian! - Fortunately, Div is able to bear up under it all by laughing at it once in awhile. Some of the doctors and nurses don't possess even the slightest hint of a sense of humor, though. Poor things.

A week ago last Saturday we went up to Kimp'o to a party

the Air Force had and I ran into Jack Shattuck. I went through training with his wife and sister! So we had a gay old time reminiscing. On Thursday, we went to the Italian Hospital and had pizza, spaghetti and wine. There were 15 countries represented, including Ethiopia! Sister Rosi - the nurse listed in "Quick" as being a Turkish nurse - was lovely to me since I had sent her a copy of the magazine - so I met everybody. Our government was represented by the seediest-looking, most egotistical bunch of envoys I've seen yet! Or are they called "diplomats"? They certainly didn't impress any of us as being such that night. But we had a good time.

Saturday was truly a red-letter day. We had 8 generals aboard - 5 Indian and 3 American. Gen. Thimaya^{Indira} - chairman of the ^{NNRC} Forean Conference Board, his Chief of Staff, Gen. Paul (pronounce that the

way big says "Coyle") and Gen. - (Don
forgotten the 3rd general's name -) were
so very interesting and equally as
charming. You would have enjoyed
the Continental air that invaded our
dining rooms when they came in.
Gen. Maxwell S. Taylor outshines
them all however. He is a handsome,
quiet man who at the same time
speaks both wisely and authoritatively.
He was as gracious - and as learned,
as any of the foreign-born
generals, if not more so. It was
exciting to be a part of "history in
the making." - The South Korean Gen.
had written a threatening letter to
Gen. Shimayya attempting to prevent,
and at least forestall, the departure
of Indian Troops. Consequently,
they came down to the ship under
full armed protection. The helicopters
carried 1 general each and there
was a plane from ^{fighter Interceptor Wing} Kimpson circling
overhead until all passengers were

The Indians visit to the Haven was, in part, filmed for newsreels.
— watch for it.

out of the planes. — There was an advance guard of military police sent to the ship by Mr. Boat prior to their arrival. — I sat next to Gen. Kaul at lunch and thoroughly enjoyed myself. He spoke the most beautiful English I have ever heard. (including that spoken by foreign students at Columbia) He spoke precisely yet with a much softer enunciation than most Continentals. He told us a number of things — facts and figures — regarding the growth and development of India since 1948 when the British "granted" them their independence. They are an intelligent, interesting, ambitious people, I think, but I doubt seriously if they would let anything or anybody, including Mac and their best friends, stand in their way, right now, toward their ultimate goal — a place at the top? — ? Big Five? That is strictly an opinion — my own. You cannot help but admire them, — but in a fearful sort of way.

Saturday night, we were at Holmido (the point of invasion by 1st Mar Div in Sept 1950 - Jack was there). They have an Army base there now with a nice club and a fairly good band. We went over about 5PM, and about 6PM, 3 Swedes and 4 Swiss officers came in. Naturally, they wanted to meet American girls - (for comparison?) - so over they came.

There was something rather cocky about them that just didn't impress me - NNRC members or not. (NNRC - neutral nations repatriation committee.) - But they are handsome!

Sunday, some of the Italian doctors came down for dinner - one quite openly to see me. He is nice and I felt quite flattered by the attention but couldn't understand a darned word - had to have Annie interpret for me! But such eloquent expressions! Mamma mia - if I could speak even a little Italian!!

So this week. — I'm washing 3-10
and my social activities are
greatly curtailed — However, I
am expecting a dentist down from
Ascom City and Jack Shattuck
from Kumpo for dinner. They usually
bring someone with them, so I'm
sure I'll not be bored to death.

Mother, did I send an Army
Field jacket home in that suitcase?
It's for Johnnie if I did. — And
would you let Bette C. use the
white coat — and anything else
she can wear. — If the coat is too
small for Johnnie, it should fit
Raymond, but I thought Johnnie
would use it more since he
likes to hunt and fish.

We leave here a week from
Monday — March 8th — for Yokosuka,
stay there 3-4 days (get there March 11)
and go to Sasebo until March 25th,
then Hong Kong. So please let me
know about the material — color, amt.
etc. — also — would you like some
pure silk Shanghai — print or solid —

I understand it's much cheaper
there than in Japan. -

I'm sure you are wondering
about my birthday - I don't
really need anything unless it
would be some new white gloves,
washable size 7 - or hose - or
some indelible lipstick - only one
tube. I would rather you would
not send me anything - just tell
me how much and what kind of
material you want - and also, ask
Mrs. Meyers how much woollen material
it would take to make me a suit?
I want to check on British woollens
when I get there - thought I would
like a new suit for next fall.

Well, dear heart, don't work
too hard, and take care of yourself
when you feel badly. What about
the lump? Did it go away?

Give my love to the family.

Lots of love to you,
Your daughter.

P.S. - I think I would like
to enter the diplomatic service.